

The Bloomfield Gazette.

WILLIAM P. LYON, A. M.,
CHARLES M. DAVIS, A. M., Editors.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—COWPER.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

FIVE CENTS.

CHRISTMAS SEASON.

CHURCH BELLS.

Wake me to-night, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done;
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb formed the Babe so
sweet,
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and
greet.
Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About yule in the world's throng;
That I may hear the Christmas tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas Carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of untold joys and praise,
Insuring happy months, and hallowing common
ways.
Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime:
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dew of sleep.
The New guide softly in
With hopes to sweet old memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart, con-
science win.—Kobbe.

CHRISTMAS—ITS ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

The earliest writers on the festivities of the Christmas season, speak of the custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens, and therefore it appears to us that it must be of very ancient date, it being, in fact, one of those ancient remnants of paganism, which, although forbidden by the councils of the early Christian Church, had obtained too great a hold on the prejudices of the people to be readily relinquished, as its transmission down to the present day, all over Europe, serves to prove. The holly and ivy have been the favorite evergreens throughout Great Britain and Ireland for the above purpose. They are regarded as sacred emblems of the season, even to the present day. Indeed, it is not Christmas unless the village church is handsomely decked out with them, and likewise the cottage parlors. In Ireland especially this custom is carried almost to extravagance, and, indeed, also in England. The humblest cottage and the poorest church have their share of the holly and ivy; every picture is crowned with them; and the more historic the picture, the larger the quantity placed over it. Heathenish though it may seem to be, it has beautiful associations, and when we remember the number of centuries it has been the custom, we surely cannot blame the people for having a reverence for it, particularly when all classes, from the highest to the lowest, revere it. Here is an old ballad, written centuries since, by whom we will never know till the last trumpet sounds:

THE IVY.

Ivy, chief of trees it is,
Veni coronaberis.

The most worthy is she in town;
He who says other, says amiss;
Worthy is she to bear the crown;
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Against all who she bringeth bliss;
Happy is she that may her reach;
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is green, of color bright,
Of all trees the chief she is;
And that I prove will now be right;
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy, she beareth berries black;
God grant to all of us his bliss!
For then we shall nothing lack;
Veni coronaberis.

Nor can we pass over the holly without saying a word in its praise, lest it should grow jealous of its friend the "Old Ivy green." And it strikes us that we can introduce nothing more appropriate in honor of that ancient plant than the following stanzas from the immortal Shakespeare:

THE HOLLY SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the post-boy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive

in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servant's hall. My father, you must know, is a bigoted devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He determined, in his own mind, that there was no condition more truly honorable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and therefore passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the subject. As he lives at some distance from the main road, in rather a lonely part of the country, without any rival gentry near him, he has that most enviable of all blessings to an Englishman, an opportunity of indulging the best of his own humor without molestation.

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate.

The post-boy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky.

My companion looked around him with transport:—"How often," said he, "have I scamped up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under them trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merry disport'; yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow."

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building, of some magnitude, and seemed to be one of the architecture of different periods. One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow-windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moonbeams.

As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot coxles, steal the white lamb, bob apple, and snap dragon; the Yule-clog and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons; one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance; in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate; as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large, old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school boys. They were variously occupied; some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fire-place; at one end of the hall was a group of young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profu-

sion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

The grate had been removed from the wide, overwhelming fire-place, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat: this I understood was the Yule-clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illuminated on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fire-side of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, with his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had kept one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious octagon chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished buffet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frugality, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and gentle acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humors of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight, brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and waggon of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and innuendoes with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harping upon old themes; which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at everything he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance. I could not wonder at it; for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket-handkerchief, and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature, that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

He had a chirping, buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty uncomplimentary habits, with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favorite with the old folks; he was a bean of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow, and he was master of the revels among the children; so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years, he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum, and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humor in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of a song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent, for no sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He behought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice

that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty.

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear,
Let us make them all cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed every one to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than in his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. Master Simon, who seemed to be a kind of connecting link between the old times and the new, and to be without a little antiquated in the taste of his accomplishments, evidently piqued himself on his dancing, and was endeavoring to gain credit by the heel and toe, rigodon, and other graces of the ancient school; but he had unluckily assorted himself with a little romping girl from boarding-school, who, by her wild vivacity, kept him continually on the stretch, and defeated all his sober attempts at elegance—such are the ill-assorted matches to which antique gentlemen are unfortunately prone!

The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity; he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all mad-cap youngsters, he was a universal favorite among the women. The most interesting couple in the dance was the young officer and a ward of the squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several sly glances which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them; and, indeed, the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the continent—he could talk French and Italian—draw landscapes, sing very tolerably—dance divinely; but, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo—what girl of seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection!

The moment the dance was over he caught up a guitar, and, lolling against the old marble fire-place, in an attitude which I am half inclined to suspect was studied, began the little French air of the Troubadour. The squire, however, exclaimed against having anything on Christmas eve but good old English; upon which the young minstrel, casting up his eyes for a moment, as if in an effort of memory, struck into another strain, and, with a charming air of gallantry, gave Herrick's "Night-Piece to Julia."

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the doves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, behind thee.
No Will o' the Wisp might thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee
But on, on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to fright thee.
Then let not the dark theeumber;
What though the moon does slumber,
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Thou, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me,
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.
The song might or might not have been intended in compliment to the fair Julia, for so I found his partner was called; and he, however, was certainly unconscious of any such application, for she never looked at the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the floor. Her face was suffused, it is true, with a beautiful blush, and there was a gentle heaving of the bosom, but all that was doubtless caused by the exercise of the dance; indeed, so great was her indifference, that she amused herself with plucking to pieces a choice bouquet of hot-house flowers, and by the time the song was concluded the nose-gay lay in ruins on the floor.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands.

STEAM WHISTLES.—We are glad to see that this pestiferous modern improvement is adjudged almost everywhere, and in some instances, judiciously indicted an unendurable nuisance.

The people of Bloomfield will not soon forget a disgusting exhibition of the powers of the whistle to annoy, which was powerfully impressed upon us on Fourth of July last.

That our people may see what others

think of the hideous and distressing noise, we append two extracts from city journals:

The English people, especially in the manufacturing towns, are hoping for much relief from the American invention of the steam-whistle. To them it seems little short of an infernal nuisance, and they have, therefore, given it a new name—the "American Devil." They have dragged the screeching monster into Parliament, and have demanded that the combined legislative wisdom of the realm shall relieve them of the intolerable nuisance.

The Manchester Examiner says: "A modest little bill, in which thousands in Manchester will take an acute interest, has been read a second time in the House of Commons. The bill is entitled 'An Act to lengthen been taken fairly by the throat, and there can be very little doubt that his hideous yell will in a week or two be heard no more. The bill referred to provides that 'no person shall use or employ in any manufactory, or any other place, any steam-whistle or steam-bell for the purpose of summoning or dismissing workmen, or persons employed, without the sanction of the sanitary authority.' This is a measure which will bring relief to many a distressed household here and elsewhere."

Parliament is very much given to sanitary legislation, and the subcommittee by this American demon have wisely based their petitions on sanitary considerations. What could be more grievous to the sick in manufacturing neighborhoods, or around great railroad depots, than these terrific yells? What especially could be more unfit for the victims of hospitals for the insane? We do not deny that the statistics of such institutions show the effects of the deplorable invention. Cannot some ingenious and good-hearted Yankee invent a relieving subject for this nerve-shattering screecher? He will be a benefactor of the human race.—*Meliodius.*

The people who reside in the upper part of this city are evidently not peculiar in their suffering from the whistling of steam-engines at unreasonable hours. The residents of Elizabeth, N. J., having been put out of patience by a similar nuisance, are now endeavoring to have it stopped. To this end, the Board of Aldermen has been petitioned, and, better still, the grand jury of the county has entered a presentment against the company. The Jersey man has a way of doing things that is very much to be admired. He goes straight to the point, and usually accomplishes his object in about the same length of time that it takes the average New Yorker to "turn the matter over in his mind."

What a pity it is that we have so few imitators of the "Jersey way" on Manhattan Island.—*New York Times.*

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We desire again to recur to this subject; we should rather say it is necessary for us to call up this subject again. We wish it were not; but nothing will be gained by evading the topic or denying its paramount importance at this time. Every observant person must have noticed that intemperance is on the increase in almost every direction. Who is not aware of the drunken revels by night that disturb our peace, and the drunken brawls which assail our ears by day, and of the heinous crimes consequent thereon, perpetrated at all times, boldly, impudently, and too often with impunity?

Public men—judges, jurors, legislators, officers of every grade, indeed, hesitate to take a decided stand against it, or they willingly connive at the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and treat with lenity the criminals who are its offspring. Men affect not to be surprised at the existence of drunkenness, vice and crime in the great cities. They say it is the natural outgrowth of congregated miscellaneous masses of individuals of all nationalities, of ignorant vagrants, superstitious rascals, and vicious stunts of society; and of the habits of life, corruption of thought and searing of conscience, which demoralizes so considerable a portion of the residents of our cities. Regarding it as a sort of necessity, or an inevitable curse, they have no courage to attack the foe, no skill to devise measures for his overthrow. What then? Why they must abandon the city and seek a home in the rural suburbs! But, alas! the artful demon of the still has been on the move too; the fell destroyer has been at work in the villages; he has planted his flag and flaunts his alluring ensign in scores of saloons, taverns and brothels in every business street in the environs of the city also; and he is now rallying his forces in derision of every moral sentiment, in defiance of sapient lawmakers, in defiance of Almighty God.

Shall we fold our hands and sit down with indifference to the fearful consequences of impending ruin to our sons and our daughters, to our friends and neighbors, our country and our race?

If the evils of drunkenness, impurity and crime are thought to be past repression in the city by direct efforts, why not take a lesson from military tactics, and outflank them by getting up a high moral tone in the rural communities of the suburbs? If the moral darkness be great in the cities, it is of the more consequence that the suburban lamps should be "trimmed and burning." In our estimation, the temperance question rises in magnitude above all other social questions; it looms up before us as the tremendous question of the day. We acknowledge its treatment is beset with difficulties. But all must agree that it is a political question to interpose all possible barriers in the down hill road of intemperance. True humanity would seek also to rescue the suffering and degraded inebriate. But such philan-

thropy should aim to ensure a radical and permanent reform, by enlisting the youth of the land in a firm opposition, and even a heroic crusade against all intoxicating stimuli.

We would fain pledge everybody not already hopelessly addicted to the intoxicating bowl, to total abstinence from spirituous liquors as a beverage. This seems transcendently proper and expedient in the case of our youthful young men. Drunkenness should be portrayed in all its hideous aspects and enforced with all the union of pathos, of eloquence and of illustration. If the young are arrayed on the side of strict temperance persistently, they will form the most effective barricade possible against the surging waves of intemperance; and as they grow older and see more of its enormous, unmitigated evils, they will acquire an inveterate disgust for the alcoholic poison which no influences are likely to dissipate.

We have only space now to add an admonitory word as a timely warning. Holiday festivals are at hand. New Year's calls and friendly greetings are favorably regarded, and to be commended and encouraged. But social hospitality, in our judgment, can manifest itself more wisely and truly in the utter exclusion of the tempting cup of poison from the refreshment table of New Year's Day.

Surely mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, will not, by exhibiting the intoxicating beverage, virtually encourage those who should be their protectors and caretakers, to poison their understandings, debase their intellects, ruin their constitutions and grovel in sensual delights and beastly passions! Surely, ye wives and mothers, ye cannot be so reckless of your own peace and happiness and so blinded to the true interests of your companions and sons! Surely, ye charming and affectionate young ladies, ye cannot consent thus to peril the safety of your brothers and admirers, and to sow the seeds which shall hereafter bear for yourselves as well as them the fruits of sorrow only!

MORRIS PARK.

MASS. EDITORS: In your last issue you invited suggestions as to the name of that part of our town known by the cognomen of "Morris Neighborhood." Let me make one, viz: Suppose that the owners of Chrystal Lake—the heirs of the late Stephen Morris, deceased, Wm. S. Morris, of Montclair, who owns the adjoining two acres, Augustus T. Morris, who owns the next two and some more land in front of his present residence, the estate of the late James Morris, deceased, and others who may own the property so far south as the Stone Bridge, near the old Public School House—should dedicate or quit claim the same to that town, for the purposes of a public park—what more appropriate than to call "the Neighborhood" MORRIS PARK. The project would involve the destruction of a few old buildings, and one comparatively new. This latter could be moved and the others suffered none if set on fire.

The owners of said lands and buildings could well afford to give the land and property. All having lands and residences adjacent, which would be enhanced all, if not more, than the cost of the property given. The land, however, without improvement, would not be a Park. Aside from the moving of the buildings, the work to be done would be insignificant, as the natural features of the location are peculiarly adapted and susceptible of easy improvement for the purposes of a Park.

Let the present Pond (Chrystal Lake) remain, but in addition make a series of lakes to the road, which is the extension of the Bay Lane to the Canal Hill. This would afford our town a good skating park—with shallow water—a matter very desirable; and when the horde cars are run to this neighborhood, all our youth, young men and maidens would have easy access to a safe and sheltered spot.

Some such project has been talked about among some of the property-owners, and some favor it, but feel, and perhaps justly, that if they give the land, there should be some means provided for the improvement and care of said Park, which, while it would be of immediate and direct benefit to the property immediately adjacent, would also largely improve all the surrounding property, and so far should command the necessary approval and means for improvement. One of the parties interested, who, if we are rightly informed, approves of some such project, is now standing in the way of a kindred improvement in the same neighborhood, much to his own detriment and the detriment of others. It would be well for him to consider that we have mutual burdens to bear, and that great public improvement can only be successfully carried out where harmony of action pervades the minds of all.

The question is, shall our town have another Park—a grand and distinguishing feature in her landscape—through the liberality of some of her generous and liberal-minded old settlers; and if so, how worthy a monument to preserve the name as "MORRIS PARK."

"A word to the wise is sufficient," from a non-resident of the Morris—shall we call it—

DESULTORY.

The funeral of Mr. Greeley took place on Wednesday, Dec. 24. The President and Vice-President elect, officers of the State and city, and many other distinguished persons, attended it. The services were conducted by Dr. Chapin, who made an address, as also did Mr. Beecher.

Oxford University is 1,000 years old.

Great Britain has 1,000 blast furnaces.

The census of the city of Vienna shows a population of 900,000.

Rome is to have a daily newspaper, called the *Neos*, edited by an American.

Two acres of ground in Indianola, Iowa, yielded 500 bushels of sweet potatoes.

The apple crop in New Jersey, Connecticut, and along the Hudson is very abundant.

A man in Deerfield, Ill., has raised 400 bushels of potatoes on two and one-half acres.

American condensed milk is a great success in Europe.

The Hop crop for 1872 will be about fourteen million pounds.

Frank Leslie is building a fine villa on his site at Saratoga Lake, N. Y.

About 500 of the 30,000 post offices in the United States are filled by women.

Missionary Appropriations for 1873 by the Methodist Episcopal Church \$885,000.

There are five Baptist Churches in Brooklyn without pastors.

The Vermont Legislature is considering whether women shall be allowed to vote at school meetings.

The Rev. Dr. Haight was elected on December 4th, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts.

The Department of Religion at Yeddo has issued a document looking toward the toleration of all beliefs.

Magistrates have been appointed in all the police districts of Yeddo, with a jurisdiction similar to that of the United States.

In New York the Common Council have passed a Act prohibiting the erection of any more buildings with Mansard Roofs unless made of iron.

The President has appointed the Hon. Ward Hunt, of New York, Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of Judge Nelson, resigned.

The New York Evangelist—Presbyterian—has a circulation of 15,000. The New York Observer 24,000. The Examiner and Chronicle, New York—Baptist—30,000.

It is estimated that a total of 7,000,000 bales of cotton, valued at \$400,000,000 in gold, is now consumed every year in Europe and the United States.

It is said that England and Russia have come to an informal understanding to keep a neutral territory of 400 miles between them, and upon which neither power shall encroach.

Dartmouth College has a fund from which a prize of \$500 will be given, once in two years, to the author of the best essay on the relations of Christians to the world.

Under the operation of the "Admiral Law," not a glass of liquor has been publicly sold in Noble County, Ohio, within the last two years, not a felony has been committed or criminal imprisoned.

The Marietta and Pittsburgh Railroad, running through twenty towns, from Marietta, Ohio, to Cambridge, Ohio, a distance of fifty-nine miles, has not a single liquor-shop along its entire line. It also has no accidents.

The completion of the railroad from Yeddo to Yeddo was celebrated in grand style on the 14th of October. The Emperor presided over the ceremonies, and passed over the road in person.

The Belmont collection of paintings, recently sold at auction in New York, did not realize over \$70,000. One portrait, \$5,000, others \$5,000, \$4,700, \$4,000, \$4,000, and so on down to \$500, which is the lowest we have seen quoted.

The propriety of reducing the rates of Life Insurance is now being discussed with great earnestness, a leading company having announced its intention to do business hereafter on a cheaper premium basis.

The "population" of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is claimed to be 1,000,000, while that of the Methodist Church, including all its divisions, is shown to amount to at least 10,000,000. The Baptist Church also considerably exceeds the Roman Catholic in the number of its adherents.

The National Soldier's Asylum at Dayton, Ohio, has 540 acres of ground attached to the institution, and is supplied with everything that man desires to the comfort of the disabled heroes of the war. There are of present 1,700 sick, wounded and indigent inmates of this noble national charity.

